

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &C.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 18

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

STANZAS INSCRIBED TO H. R. S., OF VIRGINIA.

BY G. A. C.

Give me the EYE, whose sunny gleam
Can cheer each hour of sadness,
And brighter make each happy dream
When all around is gladness,—
The eye, whose speaking, sparkling glance,
The soul of love revealing,
Can hold my spirit all-entranced
And read its inmost feeling.

Give me the VOICE, low, soft and clear
As streamlet's flow at even;
Whose softest tones come to the ear
Like wandering strains of Heaven,—
A voice, whose tender soothing tone,
Comes o'er my weary hours
Like kindness to a stranger shown,
Or dew on drooping flowers.

Give me the HEART, that's like a fount
Of kindness ever flowing,
Pure streams of love, still gushing out,
On all around bestowing;
But let the SOURCE be mine alone,
And sealed from every other;
The heart that I would call my own,
I share not with another.

LAWRENCEBURGH, IA., AUG. 1846.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

MY MARY.

BY S. C. KINNEY.

We stood beneath the broad, blue sky,
When the stars blinked bright aboon,
And the rippling brook full gleesome laughed
In the gleam of the bonnie moon.

We whispered soft as the breeze of night,
That kissed the tear from the leaf,
And her sigh was the wind-stirred blossom's moan,—
So like was her love to grief.

I pressed her close to my swelling heart,
And asked for no sweeter bliss,
Than to seal each vow that fell from her lips,
With a long, long, holy kiss.

We swore to be true so long as one star
That we chose from the host on high,
Should tremble forth at the twilight hours,
And keep its bright watch in the sky.

The hours flew past like the rapturous sweep
Of golden plumes in the wind,
And the moments were painted butterflies
To us who had never sinned.

But once her cheek grew pale, and her eye
Drooped sad in the glance of death;
And now she is one of the Presence-host
That wears the glory-wreath.

Yet oft I gaze on our chosen star,
And deem it Mary's eye;
But then gray dawn comes up from the east,
And I turn away with a sigh.

In my dreams a silver-robed angel comes,
And always whispers this:
"Remember the star, be true, and we meet
Where love is aye wedded to bliss."

Original Tale.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE CASKET.

IDALENE.

BY MARIETTA V. FULLER.

A young girl was leaning upon the balustrade of a vine-wreathed balcony. The face which was lifted up to the splendor of a southern sky, was beautiful. O! so wildly beautiful, with large, dark, resplendent eyes, and a pure fair brow upon which the light of fifteen summers had scarcely rested. The soft breeze stole through a wilderness of rustling leaves and fragrant magnolia blossoms, and ever and anon, as it lifted the raven tresses from shoulders white as polished alabaster, and cheeks where the color was coming and going like rose-leaves trembling upon lilies, it would startle a whole shower of bright dew-drops to flutter and glisten like birds in the air.

It was a lovely night! the earth was glowing with buds and flowers, bending beneath their pearl-drop coronets, and the air was heavy with perfume, and soft with the murmuring melody of fountains and the wild gushing of a nightingale; and the glorious sky above! O, it was brilliant with its deep, soft blue, and its ten thousand beaming stars, whose trembling rays as they wove together in a silvery woof, hung lightly as a bridal veil over the radiant brow of earth. So the young girl thought, as she sat, herself the loveliest object in all that beautiful scene, with her head resting upon her fair hand and the dark curls breaking through the delicate fingers which pressed them, and twining round the arm which, quivering with life and perfect in its rounded proportions, rested on the marble balustrade.

The heavy silken curtains were parted from the balcony window and a young man stood for a moment in the embrasure, arrested by the low, impassioned tone of the young girl as she murmured—

"Beautiful, beautiful! O, I could live forever in this fair scene, with this lovely world around and that glorious sky above. My heart is full of wild rapture, almost too full of delicious joy and gushing music. O, it is beautiful!" and she clasped her small hands together, while her cheek burned and her bosom heaved as she again raised her splendid eyes to the canopy of heaven.

Letting fall the drapery, the intruder came forward and sat down by her side, and the first words he spoke, thrilled the heart of that young girl with its deep, rich melody, till they stole away into the depths of her spirit and became a part of the throbbing, restless music which it held. He took up the links of beautiful thoughts which his entrance had scattered, and wove them in a chain so glowing and bright, that his listener looked up to him with wonder that words could comprehend so much. He was revealing to her all the lovely dreams which had slumbered in her heart; striving for utterance, and becoming more sadly sweet that their plaintive voices could not be heard, and now that another had unsealed their gushing fountains, she remained mute, gazing with a spell-like wonder into the face of the speaker, whose eloquent countenance told that his words were the utterances of his heart. It was not his lips alone, nor even the flash of his speaking eyes which had a language to the wrapt girl, who gazed upon him—there was a something more—a something she could not describe.

O, there was another dream awakening in the heart of Idalene Lellason, although she knew it not, and perhaps the strange loveliness of that fair summer eve, softened the spirit of her companion, till he murmured low words which made the lashes sink quivering towards the young girl's cheek, where the blood gleamed through with a wavering crimson. The melody of winds and waves and whispering foliage started, with a thrill like the touch of angel fingers, over the heart-strings of the two young beings who sat there, drinking in the bliss of a new life.

Ah! Idalene Lellason, pause with trembling, before you decide your own destiny. You are yet but a mere child, very,

very beautiful, and gifted with the bright but dangerous gifts of intellect and heart. Thy southern clime hath given thee a passionate pride and yet a capability of loving with a love, deathless and true. Ah beware! She heeds us not and may we not tremble for her, the bright and gifted being who is now surrendering all her wealth of beautiful affections, all her rich treasures of soul, into the keeping of another?

Yet who could look upon Clarence Everstein and feel a fear to commit the happiness of that fair being into his keeping,—was he not all that was good, and noble, and beautiful in man—with the rich profusion of chestnut curls which clustered upon a broad, fair brow, where beamed the calmness of intellect and high resolve; with purity of thought and the fire of genius sleeping in the dark eyes whose curved fringes shaded their intenseness of expression; and was not just enough of firmness and pride marked in the curve of a mouth, almost soft and rosy as a girl's? There was a singular blending of passion and repose, loftiness and tenderness resting on his features which told that the proud blood which warmed his heart had none the less of fire for his northern birth.

O, what a beautiful, beautiful scene! Surely it was a Paradise shut out from the rest of the world, where all the wealth of nature and art was lavishly heaped. Almost hid by the dense green foliage which surrounded it, stood a stately mansion, with deep gothic windows, running porticos and hanging balconies, where groups of life-like statues, like images of living loveliness, gleamed out from the clustering vines which festooned every wall and pillar. Through the fairy-like ground which surrounded it, long walks led off, shaded by orange and magnolia trees, bending with fruit and heavy with fragrant blossoms. Every here and there, some little nook of rarest loveliness, burst upon the sight, where fountains sent up sheets of chrysal, which descending in soft showers, glittered like falling diamonds where the sunbeams glanced upon them. Gentle breezes stole through the shady recesses, rustling the leaves with the patting of their musical feet, and wafting sweet perfume upon the wings with which she fanned the brows of beauty. Waters glanced and murmured,—birds fluttered and warbled, till the senses were bewildered with the profusion of loveliness and melody.

Lovely was the home of Idalene, and lovely the few who inhabited it. In a trellised arbor, where the wreathing foliage twined into a rich canopy, sat an old man, the father of Idalene. While in the prime of a vigorous manhood, after the follies and extravagancies of youth had been forgotten, he married a fair young creature, who respected him as a father rather than loved him as a husband. In a few years she went to sleep beneath the willow boughs and left him alone with his little Idalene. So he gave all his love, which did not sleep in the grave, to his sweet child, and now he sat in the arbor with a smile of contented happiness upon his face and a joyful light in his still radiant eyes, for his gaze was resting upon the fair creature before him.

Idalene was crouching at her father's feet, touching the strings of her guitar, and mingling the sad soft tones of a plaintive song with its subduing melody. Ever and anon she raised her large beautiful eyes to her father's face with a look of earnest affection, smiling and blushing as he bent forward to lay his hand with a blessing among the dark tresses of her drooping head. Then she became so wrapped up in her world of melody that she forgot all else, not even heeding the two who came down the shaded avenue in search of their lost companion. One was a handsome young man with firm and graceful step and manly form, whilst the rich musical laugh which broke from his lips and rang upon the air, and the glad radiance of his dark eyes, told of a heart free from care. It was Clarence Everstein; but who was that young girl who leaned with such timid grace upon his arm, and smiled as he placed his broad palm-leaf hat with such graceful carelessness upon her head? It was his sister Adele. How different she was from Idalene, with her soft brown curls, her meek blue

eyes, and the passionless repose of her features. She was a year older than Idalene, quiet and timid, and very seldom was the calm current of her thoughts disturbed. Her face was an index of her heart, innocent and child like in expression, very mild and passive, with a gentle smile and a sweet look. At the earnest request of Idalene, she had come from her home in the North to which no ties of kindred bound her, to find a sister in the affianced bride of her brother. The affectionate kindness of Idalene won her heart, and she was happy in witnessing the perfect bliss of the only two beings she loved.

As the two approached the arbor, Clarence would have flung the wreath which Adele had been twining, upon the strings of Idalene's guitar, but with her fair finger placed laughingly on her rosy lip she enjoined silence, that they might contemplate the beautiful scene before them—that fond father, with his look of proud affection, and that fair girl of fifteen summers, with her pure young brow, and the white lids and their plume-like fringes drooping over those large, earnest, liquid eyes, and with such thrills of melody breaking from her rich, ruby lips and mingling with the plaintive music which stole from the guitar strings at every quivering touch of her white fingers, till her whole being seemed breathing into the entrancing strain of sweetness, O, it was beautiful! and Clarence's favorite song, too; how his heart thrilled as he heard it.

When the song was ended, Adele stole forward and threw her wreath of roses around Idalene's neck and over the guitar, linking in sweet bondage the beautiful songstress and her melody. Starting from her graceful attitude, Idalene blushed to meet the gaze of admiring love which beamed from the dark eyes of her Clarence as he disengaged the roses from the guitar and slipping in to their chain, said—

"Love's bondage is a wreath of flowers, and should link thy heart to mine, rather than to this charmed instrument, the poetry of whose spells have given me cause for feeling a few twitching pangs of jealousy.

Therefore, fair ladye, lay by thy guitar—

We will wander the orange groves through,

Where each pale bridal blossom gleams out like a star,

And the soft turf is jewell'd with dew—

There are breezes, and warblers, and soft fountain waves;

From each leaflet a melody starts,

There are spirits which sing in the dew's crystal caves

And O! there is love in our hearts."

It was Idalene Lellason's bridal eve. Merry laughter and glad voices and thrilling music rang out upon the air, and the breezes which bore on their wings the sounds of revelry and mirth, wandered through many a silken curl and o'er many a cheek and brow of gleaming loveliness. From lofty hall and shaded walk and trellised avenue, the chandeliers threw down their mellow light upon the glittering throng below, flashing over gems, deepening rich shades of flowing drapery, softening the tints of flowers and lingering with sparkling quiver over a world of dazzling and beautiful objects. Now some jewelled arm and white hand gleamed for a moment beneath the orange boughs, and anon, a queenly brow with gemmed tiara and braided tresses was shining in its place. There were eyes to rival the chandeliers light, with love-glances stealing in subdued softness or startling with brilliant flash from beneath long lashes—there were lips tinted like the ray in the ruby's heart—there were cheeks where the rose-spirit had nestled to slumber, and brows where the lily had waved its wand. The night wind swayed not a pendant bough or drooping flower with such a graceful motion as moved a glittering throng of lovely forms through the giddy mazes of the dance. But the music and the song and the laughter was hushed as the throng pressed forward to gaze upon the young bride in her blushing loveliness. How very beautiful she was, in her pale satin dress, and the wreath of orange flowers shining upon her white brow and binding up her luxuriant tresses, and with the bridal veil flowing in silvery folds around her sylph-like form. The color flitted brightly over her cheeks and there was a soft bewildering tenderness in the beautiful eyes raised with confiding love to the face of him who stood beside her. Strange that the bridegroom grew pale as he responded to the marriage vow, and that his hand trembled as he placed the ring upon the delicate finger of his bride—strange it was, yet the gazers noted it not!

The holy words were spoken; the father had given his tearful blessing to the wedded pair; again the dance and song went on, and the bridegroom mingled in the throng, with a smile upon his brow, 'the gayest of the gay.' But the heart of Idalene was too full of inexpressible happiness for such

gaiety, and stealing away, she sought a deserted arbor, and strove to hush the sweet tumult in her bosom and still the bewildering emotions which agitated her. The sound of revelry and the gleaming of lights came faintly to her ear and eye, but she heeded them not, for the starlight trembled through the clasping vines, the wind rustled the leaves and a nightingale poured forth a gush of melody, as richly sweet as that which murmured in her own heart.

Burying her face in her hands, while tears of happiness which could not be repressed, broke through her white fingers—she murmured—"It seems to me a dream; I cannot be his wife."

A heavy footstep sounded on her ear, and looking up, the bridegroom stood before her. There was a darkening light in his eye and a cloud on his brow which terrified her. She had never seen him look thus before—and now, at such a time. Springing to him she wound her white arms tenderly around him, and raised her soft eyes half fearfully to his face, murmuring:

"Clarence! my husband!"

"Your husband! nay, you are not my wife," he said, in tones of sorrowing bitterness.

"Clarence!" cried Idalene in a low, harrowing tone of agony, and she sprang from his bosom as if a serpent had stung her and remained gazing fixedly upon him with her large dilated eyes, as he continued:

"Nay, Idalene Lellason, look not on me thus. I have enough of dark remorse to bear, as much as I can well support, even with the help of her who shares my guilt; for Adele, the sister of your heart, is my wife! It was your bridal portion, not your love, we sought; and now the farce is ended; but the misery we would have brought on your bright head falls heavily upon our own, for all the anguish of remorse and sin are ours. I joy to think that you will scorn us, for it would be better, than to love an object so unworthy. I give back the wealth your father gave to me, and dare to hope your sinless heart may whisper forgiveness. Farewell,—farewell forever!"

With hands clasped convulsively, had Idalene stood while he spoke, her large dark eyes growing larger and more dark, her soft cheek paler and more pale, her white lips quivering and her foot half forward, and her slight form motionless. When he ceased, no cry escaped from her anguished heart, but silently, like a blighted lily she sank to the earth, crushing the fair flowers with her slight weight and brushing the dew in a shower from their petals. For a moment the guilty man gazed at the pale form at his feet, then bending over her, he called her name in the wildness of despair, and bathed her cold brow in the fountain waters at their feet.

"Dead! dead!"—he said, in a low dread tone of remorseful agony; "O, God! it cannot be! Idalene! Idalene! my own one, speak to me! dead—and I have killed her!"

The wretched man turned away, and left her there in her stricken loveliness, alone on the cold, damp earth. The orange wreath still gleamed upon her brow, but her superb raven tresses had broken from their confinement and hung, dark and heavy like a pall, around her still form. Like the white lily's petals, the pale lids lay motionless upon her eyes, and her pure brow gleamed strangely white, beneath the bright wreath, now glittering with dew, which looked as if placed there in mockery.

Soon the sound of laughter and gay voices rang on the evening air, and a merry group sought for the absent ones. They found the bride, alas! with the starlight sleeping softly on her cold, still form; but the bridegroom came not back. In wondering sorrow they bore her to the bridal chamber and laid her on its snowy couch, and all the long, long night, the anguished father and terrified Adele hung over her; while the awe-struck throng went sadly from the scene so lately bright with happiness.

Slowly and wearily fled the hours, and not until the first flush of morn tinted the sky, did Idalene unclothe her eyes, and, looking with a bewildered air around, murmur:

"Clarence, dear Clarence, come nearer. It was a fearful dream!" Then, as her glance rested on Adele, a shudder ran through her frame, and making a motion as if to close the hateful sight from her eyes, again sank into insensibility.

When she again revived, it was in the ravings of delirium.

It was a strange bridal scene—that fair young creature lying there in her white robe, with the withered blossoms in her hair, and the marriage ring upon her finger—but with such unearthly brightness in her eyes and hectic glow upon her burning cheek; now smiling radiantly as she called upon her Clarence, and anon, clasping her small white hands and moaning in agony. Once again Adele came to her side and taking

her pale fingers, would have pressed them to her lips, but with a shriek which rang wildly through the lofty chamber, Idalene sprang from her bed and would have dragged the terror-stricken girl from the room, but her strength failed and she fell back exhausted. Soon her delirious ravings revealed the sad story to the parent, who stood by in wondering and speechless grief, and without allowing the miserable Adele to say a word in defence or repentance, the incensed and indignant father almost thrust her from the home where she had lately been so loved.

For many days the unhappy Idalene was wandering, constantly in her insane dreams—more blessed at times than the reality. For hours she would lay with her eyes half closed, talking softly and smiling sweetly to her fancied lover, or arranging her bridal attire with Adele, blushing murmuring how happy she should be when Clarence called her bride. She would seem to be listening to the songs of birds and weaving garlands of flowers as was her wont, and sometimes a low silvery laugh would steal from her lips. It was painful to listen to it and yet look upon her fragile form, wasted slowly away by suffering, and meet the glance of those brilliant eyes which betrayed a wandering intellect. Then she would seem to be drinking in the meaning of those fearful parting words—and then the change upon her beautiful face was mournful to look upon.

One soft afternoon she sank into a gentle sleep, and as she slumbered, for the first time, the feverish glow died away from lip and cheek, until her face was as white as the pillow it pressed, save where the blue veins cast an azure tint on the snow of her fair temples. One delicate hand lay on the silken counterpane, and as a stray gleam of light fell upon it, it looked like a lilly-leaf, it had grown so thin and transparent. Her breath was so soft and low that a silken ringlet which had stolen across her lip, trembled not as it came and went. The wind crept softly in through the latticed casement, bearing on its wings the perfume of flowers and the murmur of waters and humming of insects, and yet she woke not. Then the sun went down in a flood of glorious light and the gorgeous tints faded from the western sky, the birds went to sleep in the foliage, and one by one the stars beamed out in their azure vault. Then a nightingale warbled forth its melody, from a tree bough which waved against the casement, and at the sound of its music Idalene awoke. She thought she had fallen asleep in the arbor, and softly calling the name of Clarence she would have started up, but had no power to rise from her pillow. She found it was her father who stood by her side, holding her delicate wrist, and counting the slow life-pulses. Like a fearful dream the truth came slowly upon her heart, and with a moan, like the last quiver of a broken harp-string, she pressed her cheek closer to her pillow, and lay motionless all that night, while her anxious parent watched every change of her pale countenance.

A week passed away. Idalene had hardly spoken since her return to reason, but now motioning for her father to come near, she said to him:

"You look so very pale and sad, dear father; I hope you will not grieve for me; I shall soon be well, and am quite happy now. You know what has passed—we will never speak of it, and I will try to forget it"—and the name of Clarence Everstein never fell from her lips.

But the fond parent could not endure to look upon her wasted form and pale cheek; he had watched her for hours, when she deemed herself alone, and had seen her sit still and silent, with quivering lip and tear drops, which looked as if frozen on her white face. So he pined away in sorrow for his heart's idol, and before many months the willow boughs waved above him where he slumbered with his wife.

And that was Idalene Lellason—that cold, bright being, who moved amid the throng with such a queenly grace: with pride on her white brow, and scorn half curling her beautiful lip, and haughtiness in the motion of her step—compelling admiration by her surpassing beauty and the brightness of an intellect, whose fires she had thrown lavishly around, receiving homage with cold indifference—brilliant as the flashing diamond, and like it, passionless and cold. Was her nature really changed? or was there still a fount of beautiful affections and warm impulses in her bosom? had her heart turned to stone; or did it require a struggle to stifle its emotions?

A northern city had welcomed the peerless southern beauty to the centre of its circle of wealth and beauty and talent, and she moved in its midst, the brightest star in its galaxy of brilliancy.

It was Idalene Lellason's second bridal eve. A glittering assembly crowded her palace-like residence. The gossiping

throng wondered at her choice, as the bride-groom, to be was neither young nor possessed many personal attractions, though his name stood bright in the annals of fame. She had no love to give him and was contented with the affection which he bestowed upon her; admiration of her beauty and genius comprised the extent of it.

Idalene was in her dressing chamber; her attendants had departed and she stood alone before a mirror. What a magnificent form was reflected there! even from her own lips, broke the exclamation of "beautiful," as she gazed. Four years had added a deeper power to the fascination of her rare beauty; the rich, glossy braids of her raven hair—the resplendent lustre of her large, dark eyes, and the splendor of her dress, gave her the appearance of an Oriental Princess.

But there was sadness in Idalene's heart, and feelings which should not be there on such an occasion,—and she parted the curtains from a lofty window and stepped out into the cool air to hush its tumultuous throbbings. She heard a light step beside her and a pale form stood before her. Could it be? Yes, that white cheek and dim eye and fragile form was Adele's, but O! how she was changed. Idalene would have turned from her presence, but falling upon her knees she clasped her robe in her small hands and looking up with such a beseeching look, she begged so earnestly for a moment's interview that Idalene would not refuse.

"Idalene—my sister! pause for one moment and listen to her whom you have so cruelly wronged. Idalene do you still love Clarence Everstein?"

Idalene's heart beat almost suffocatingly fast, but she replied by a scornful curve of the lip. The slight glow of hope faded from the poor girl's face and a look of mournful anguish crept over her pale features as she said:

"I had hoped to confer happiness. It was an idle hope; I had no right to expect it; and yet—Idalene, you are the wife of Clarence Everstein!"

Idalene started back with a face deadly pale, and then, as if ashamed of her emotion, said;

"Your idle tales can—"

"Hush!" said Adele springing to her feet with a bright spot burning on her cheek, "heap no more wrong on one who has borne so much for others. You once loved me, Idalene, and I loved you, and quiet and reserved as it was my nature to be, I read your character better than could my brother. I saw the depth of feeling of which you was capable, and knew that you loved with a deep intensity which few could know or appreciate. It was this very excess of sensibility which sometimes made you silent and still in your wrapped up dream of exquisite happiness, and caused Clarence to doubt the sincerity of your love. I hushed his foolish anxiety; you were married—I never saw him so radiant with joy and happiness as he was that evening, till at last, with a heart gushing over with love he sought for his missing bride. He found you in tears and heard you say in tones which he mistook for those of sorrow, 'am I his bride?' All his doubts came in an overwhelming flood upon his unhappy heart, and in a wild and thoughtless moment he invented and told the story which you believed.

"Convinced of your love when it was too late, he saw you sink to the earth in a swoon he thought was death; then with the chilling weight of remorseful agony, sinking like ice into his heart, he fled the scene.

"I was driven like a sinning thing from your home and it was three months of anxious suspense before I heard from Clarence. His letter came from Europe, and explained all, imploring pardon from me and telling how very miserable he was. In my answer I told him of your illness and your father's anger and that he need not hope to be forgiven.

"At the end of three years of wretchedness to him and sorrow to me, he returned from Europe, and taking me with him, sought for you in the south. In the forlorn hope of finding you we have been travelling ever since. Last night we heard of the marriage which was to take place this evening, and judge of our mingled joy and anguish, when, upon inquiring, we ascertained the names of the parties."

"I know my brother has sinned, but it was rashly and inconsiderately, and O! he has suffered enough to atone for all. I have no eloquence to plead his cause, but one look upon his altered countenance and your heart would whisper forgiveness."

Adele spoke quick and earnestly, with clasped hands, and her pleading eyes fixed eagerly upon her listener's face, watching every emotion which flitted over it and when she ceased she remained in the same position awaiting an answer. But there was too wild a tumult in the heart of Idalene to admit

of a reply; all the feelings which she had striven for years to repress were now struggling for utterance. She had already forgiven Clarence for his fault and the love which she thought she had subdued gushed forth in a more overwhelming flood of tenderness, that it had so long been pent up. She could not speak, she could not weep, her heart was so full. At that moment a nightingale, which had been sent from some unknown hand as a bridal gift, for the first time since she received it, warbled forth his evening song. Those long forgotten notes stirred the chords which yet slumbered in her bosom, to responsive music, she seemed again to be wandering beneath the orange trees in her own forsaken home; the perfume of a thousand southern flowers seemed borne upon the air; again she heard her father's voice, and again her lover was breathing his vows into her ear. The song ceased, and Idalene burst into tears. In a moment Adele was weeping in her embrace.

But the bridegroom grew tired of waiting for his bride and now stood, gazing upon the two with wondering eyes. Adele had to explain, for Idalene could not. She did this in such a touching, earnest manner, that a tear stood in the eye of her listener, called forth more for the sorrows of others than for his own loss. He was obliged to relinquish Idalene and he did it with a good grace, for after all, it was her intellect that called forth his respect, and her beauty, his pride,—rather than any deep love he had ever felt for her.

For an hour the expectant throng had been kept in waiting and yet no bridal couple appeared. Were they to be disappointed?

O no! there must be a wedding, despite of the fates.

Now it chanced that Sydney Ellwood, the forsaken bridegroom, was an old friend of Adele's, and not only an old friend but the object of his first attachment, years ago, when they were hardly more than children. The sight of her, so eloquently pleading in Idalene's behalf, brought up new feelings of tenderness in his breast; and she—she had not quite forgotten good old times.

So Clarence is sent for, and Idalene finds time to remove the bridal veil and wreath from her own head to the soft golden curls of Adele, who looks really beautiful, now that the excitement has brought the color to her cheeks and brightness to her eyes.

Two hours have gone by and the impatient throng grow still and stand gazing in mute astonishment, for Sydney Ellwood stands up with a lovely partner, but it is not Idalene who is the bride—O no, she is content to be bridesmaid, while a pale but very handsome man, a stranger, like the bride, is groomsmen.

ASHLAND, OHIO, 1846.

American Sketches.

WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

AMERICAN SKETCHES.

NO. II.

BY C. EMERSON.

I had purposed, in the present number, to have shown somewhat more in detail, the capabilities of North America, (north of the Tropics,) for constituting one great Federal Republic, more prosperous and happy than any nation or empire that ever yet existed. But it may be proper to make some preliminary observations in reference to existing aspects and tendencies.

It has long been asserted, by European writers, that we are a grasping and aggressive people. That we are faultless herein, I shall not undertake to assert. But it may be well averred that those who blame us most, have generally the least of fair pretence for being our accusers. The original dwellers of the forest and prairie have disappeared, or been pushed westward, before the rapid and accelerating current of white population. We have done many wrongs to them—and they to us. But no colonization has ever been effected with less of injustice or more of humanity than ours. The wrongs we have committed should neither be extenuated or concealed. None can truly prosper by injustice. The spirit of active beneficence, now so generally prevalent among us, gives hope that the future condition of the American aborigines, who are, or may hereafter be within the scope of our influence, will be creditable to our national character. Great responsibilities are upon us in this regard; and these are extending and accumulating at a fearful ratio. Heaven grant we may be ready to encounter them as we ought.

In respect to our white neighbors to the Northeast and

Southwest—every idea of annexation by violence or injustice, should be spurned by every true American. The stability of our government depends on the good will of the individual States of which it is the grand ligature. None should be admitted (no State) into our great United community, except those who are heartily disposed in favor of such Union; though none who are actually members should be allowed wantonly to forsake it. We may have good reason to suppose the Canadas, for instance, will not very long continue appendant to Great Britain. It is apprehended the most enlightened Britons are themselves of that opinion. In a late, official Dispatch of the British Government relative to the repeal of the Corn Laws, &c., the Canadians were told—perhaps rather cavalierly—that if mere pecuniary interests were all that sustained the mutual relations, the ties between the mother country and the colonies might as well be dissolved.—I have not now the Dispatch before me, but believe I give the true bearing of it.—The ultra monarchists of England are very desirous of introducing monarchy on each side of us—as a countercheck upon our great Democratic influence. To this, it is believed, neither the Canadians on the one hand nor the Mexicans on the other, have any great inclination. Should the Canadas be severed from Britain, they might form important additions to our Republic. But let nothing be attempted, by force or fraud, for the attainment of such annexation. If, unhappily, we should be engaged in another British war, we might well seek to emancipate the Canadas—but not to FORCE them into our Union.

In regard to Mexico—the Spaniards were great CONQUERORS in America, but not COLONIZERS, in the proper sense. A Colony, properly speaking, is a company of people transplanted from one country to another, to inhabit, to cultivate and improve. The Spaniards came for gold—to live in idleness and luxury on the labor of others—gold, idleness and luxury they had, by oppression; and it cursed them at home and abroad.

Old Mexico—southward of the Tropic of Cancer—was a populous and comparatively cultivated country, when conquered by Cortez, more than three hundred years ago. Its population was sadly diminished by the conquerors—the lands and the people were allotted, in vast seigniories to Spanish Lordlings;—the Mexican nobles were destroyed; and the Native masses were reduced to a servitude more galling than that under their Native Lordlings. This servitude was somewhat ameliorated by whatever tincture of Christianity was infused. It is believed to be a fact, that the Spanish Priest has generally been the friend of the Negro and of the Native American. He has given them little of elevation; but he has been their friend and protector.

The people of Mexico proper have been spoken of with too much contempt. It is something that they are increasing in population and improvement. It is surely to their credit that they had spirit enough among them to throw off the yoke of Spain. Ought not WE, at least, to applaud them for the effort to establish a Free, Federal Republic, like our own? In one point they have gone beyond us. Legalized Slavery does not exist in Mexico.—If the Mexican "hath not attained that he seeketh for," ARE WE the people to taunt him for failure? WE, who have been so signally favored by Providence—should WE have done better in their circumstances? Let us fear, rather, and be humble, lest the Divine *Ægis* be withdrawn from us, and we be left to pursue the broad way of National Destruction. I have seen, with horror, pert and profligate threats of ravaging, conquering and annexing Mexico. Let it be hoped that no such spirit actuates our Government. Mexico has put herself in a state of war with us; and herein we believe with Mr. Webster she is wrong; and that an energetic war should be prosecuted for the attainment of an honorable peace. Let Old Mexico remain intact—let us be friends with her, if we can. She needs our sympathy and aid—let us render them truthfully if we may.

The question in respect to the Northern Dependencies of Mexico is somewhat different. Very extensive regions, north of the Tropic, were INVADÉD by the Spaniards—permanently, more or less, but vastly less than more. They were invaded—portions were held—but there was little of improvement. The principal portions were thus described by Humboldt forty years ago, when they were subject to Spain:—

"The Intendancy of SONORA comprehends the three provinces of CINALVA or Sinalva, Ostimury and Sonora proper—extends along the Gulf of California, called also the Sea of Cortez, for more than 280 leagues—from the Tropic of Cancer to the River Gila—comprehending an extent of hilly country greater than the half of France—population not

equal to the fourth of the most peopled department of that empire."

"The Intendancy of DURANGO (or New Biscay) occupies a greater extent of ground than the three united Kingdoms of Great Britain—yet its total population scarcely exceeds that of the two towns of Birmingham and Manchester united."

"The peninsula of CALIFORNIA equals England in extent, and does not contain the population of the small towns of Ipswich or Deptford."

NEW, or UPPER CALIFORNIA. Northwesternly of the Mexican dependencies already named is a vast uncultivated region, between 32 deg. and 42 deg. North latitude and between the Rocky Mountains and the Great Pacific Ocean, of varied and very singular character, known generally by the name of New California. Humboldt speaks of "a long and narrow extent of country," from the Isthmus of Old California to Cape Mendocino, called New California. No village or farm is to be found north of the Port of St. Francis. The city of Mexico is the same distance in a straight line from Philadelphia as from Monterey, the chief place of the Missions of New California. Humboldt estimates the population at 15,600.

East of New California is NEW MEXICO, of which Malte Brun, some twenty years ago, wrote as follows:

"Many French writers have spoken in pompous terms of what they term New Mexico; and they boast of its extent and riches. The true signification of this term is confined to a narrow province, which, it is true, is 175 leagues in length, but not more than thirty or forty in breadth. This STRIP of country, which borders on the Rio del Norte, is thinly peopled; the town of Santa Fe containing 4000 inhabitants; Albuquerque 6,000; and Taos 9,000, contain almost half the population. The other half consists of poor colonists, whose scattered hamlets are frequently ravaged by the powerful tribes of Indians who surround them."

Pike, who traversed the province in 1807, gives the following estimate:

"Its POPULATION is not far short of 30,000 souls—of which one-twentieth may be Spaniards from Europe, four-twentieths Creoles, five-twentieths Metis's, and the other half civilized Indians."

Eastward of what was the Spanish Intendancy of Durango or New Biscay, southeasterly of New Mexico, and north of the Tropic of Cancer, are New Leon, part of Tacateras, Tamaulipas, extending along the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio del Norte, and towards New Mexico, Coahuila.

All these Northern Dependencies are comparatively uncultivated, though some of the settlements were made about 300 years ago. We have quoted estimates and descriptions made forty years ago, but it is apprehended there has been little advancement since. Mr. Bent, proprietor of the celebrated Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, we understand, estimates the present population of New Mexico, at 30 or 40,000.

It can hardly be doubted that these regions will, in some way, be mainly settled by our people. It is believed that most of the present inhabitants would prefer a connection with our Union. Mexico, with our friendship, and with truly liberal institutions, might be much stronger without than with them. If Mexico proper can be fairly induced to part with all or with a part, the bounds of our Republic might ultimately be thus amicably, and, it is to be hoped, safely extended.

In the present aspect of things it may be presumed our American public would not be satisfied without the acquisition of Upper (perhaps Lower) California and New Mexico, if they can be properly obtained.

The apprehensions of England and France, that such acquisitions by us would be dangerous to THEM, I verily believe to be unfounded. Such expansion would give us ample employment at home. It is true there are immense territories of unspeakable capabilities within our present acknowledged limits. These, in due time, will be occupied. But our internal peace depends mainly, perhaps, on our vast range for emigration. Should the Californias become ours, the idea, suggested lately by a Baptist Missionary in China, may not prove futile, that these western wastes of America may, to a great extent, be peopled from that overflowing empire. Who knows but, half a century hence, our great union may be supplied with CALIFORNIA TEA?

Those orators who give us much noise and many words, but little argument and less wit, and who are most loud when they are the least lucid, should take a lesson from the great volume of Nature; she often gives us the lightning even without the thunder, but never the thunder without the lightning.

Secret Band of Brothers.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CASKET.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES!

BY J. H. GREEN.

CHAPTER VI.

I denied to him any, such intention COL.

Well, "said he, what have you done then with those five one hundred dollar notes, given you by one of the assistant attorney's of my brother."

I replied, "they are in my chest."

"If such is the case, it will make every thing satisfactory in that matter."

I now left and went to Mr. Munger and related the substance of my late interview. He handed me the notes that I might make good my declaration. I took them immediately to the hospital. When I entered I found two merchants, who resided at Memphis, in close conversation with the Col. He told me to call again at two o'clock. About that time I returned. The visitors were gone, but the Col. appeared much distressed. Some new event must have added to his former anxiety.

"I wish you," said he, "to bring those notes and let me see them."

Having them in my pocket, I presented them to him.

"I am glad you have them. You have been strongly suspected of foul play—of giving them into the hands of the defendant."

I was well convinced from this, that it was one of the clan, who had rummaged my trunk and pockets a few days previous. I then asked him what else they had laid to my charge?

He replied: "A man by the name of Sandford gave information to my brother, that a certain amount of money had been hidden by him. Sandford died and gave the money to my brother and gave directions where he could find it. My brother prepared a note for his wife and told her where she could find the money, and my brother reached the note to the wrong person." [SEE "GAMBLING UNMASKED"] "Some person told him you were the receiver, that they had seen you take the note."

I knew, however, that no one had seen me take it, that the whole was a mere conjecture—a plan to worm a confession out of me. Hence I denied it stoutly.

"I do not believe it myself," affirmed the Col., but the whole clan, remember, dislike you; among others, a negro trader by the name of Goodrich. He has marked you out as a transgressor and is determined to put you out of the way." I have mentioned this same Goodrich once before. He is well known as one accustomed to sell runaway negroes, as a kidnapper who lives with a wench and has several mulatto children, and probably does a profitable business in selling his own offspring.

I replied, "I do not know Goodrich and know as little about Sandford's money."

"Well Green, I believe you are innocent of the two first accusations, and hope you may be of the third."

But now came the "tug of war." These others, were only a preparatory step for a fearful inquisition. I knew what was coming and mustered all my fortitude to meet the exigency. If ever there was a time when I was called upon to summon my collected energies, to express calmness and betoken innocence it was on this occasion. The Col. fixing his eagle eye upon me, with severest scrutiny proceeded:

"A certain package of papers has been taken, which has produced a great excitement and has caused me serious injury." When he mentioned PAPERS, there was a sensible pause, and a piercing look which exhibited a determination to detect the slightest expression of guilt. I was enabled to command myself, however, in such a way, that I think I satisfied him I was not guilty. The power to do so, was in part natural, but a much greater portion was derived from previous habit. It is an essential attribute of the gambler to preserve the utmost coolness in the midst of the most critical circumstances. His entire success often depends upon his self-possession, where much is at stake. In reply, I asked the Col. "Why they should accuse me of acting so base a part?"

"Unfortunately for you," said the Col., you have been seen talking with the friends of T."

I replied, "perhaps I have, for I cannot tell who are his friends, or who his enemies." I likewise asked him, if he

thought it possible I could or would do any thing to injure him?

"I think not," said he, "yet mankind are so base and deceitful, I have but little confidence in any one. I will now show you, how dreadful must be my position in regard to the package, and then you can understand why its loss will go so hard with me."

I listened with the utmost attention, and he entered upon this part of the subject as follows:

"I am a member of a society called THE UNITED SECRET BROTHERS." It is an ancient order, of a religious (!) character. The leading members carry on an extensive correspondence with one another. All letters of business are subject to the order of the one who indites them, allowing the holder the privilege of retaining a copy. I had many letters written by leading men, in my possession; besides a large package of copies. These with the original letters have been taken. Now Green you promise secrecy, and I will give you the whole plan, so far as in my power, and you can then judge how seriously I shall be affected if those papers are not recovered.

"At the time of my arrest, on the charges for which I am to be tried, my friends were numerous and wealthy, and I had the utmost confidence in all their promises. The excitement was intense, and I did not deem it proper to call upon them until it should subside. After waiting a suitable length of time, I wrote to many of my acquaintances, and among others, to several, whose names are familiar to you. They were under personal obligations to me, aside from the common claims of friendship. They had made their thousands by plans of my own invention, and much of the very wealth which had given them distinction and influence, was the fruit of my ingenuity. To my letters, they made ready and satisfactory replies. They made the largest promises to give me any requisite assistance, when called upon, yet as often left me in suspense, or to reap the bitter fruit of disappointment. — This was the reason, why my trial was put off during several sessions of the court. My brother having been indicted with me, made the prospect of both more dubious. I had property, but not at my disposal. My wife, betrayed my confidence, for having it in her power to send me pecuniary aid, she neglected to do it; indeed, all her conduct had a tendency to involve me in the net that was spread for my feet. Through her, information was given that I had friends, who would assist me, and served as an excuse for her dereliction. This awakened the suspicions of community. There was an anxiety to know, who would step forward to my rescue. Hence those from whom I expected aid became alarmed, lest their characters, which had hitherto been unblemished, should come into disrepute. Two of them are merchants in Dearborn Co. Indiana. Some five of the most wealthy men of that county were driven almost to desperation, when they learned that my wife had it in her power to use their names in connection with deeply dishonorable acts. I, however, satisfied them that she would not expose them and they in turn promised to assist me, writing several letters of commendation in my behalf, giving me an untarnished character as a merchant of high respectability in Lawrenceburgh. From time to time they promised to secure me bail and yet they as often failed to make good their word. In this they violated the most solemn obligations. We were pledged to sustain each other to the last farthing, in case either became involved in difficulty. That pledge I had never broken, and I looked for the same fidelity on the part of my associates. I never before had occasion to test their sincerity, but found all their solemn promises a mere "rope of sand." I found I was gone as far as they were concerned and turned my efforts in another direction."

"I now had recourse to my friends in Chillicothe, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Zanesville, Beaver, Lexington, Nashville, Philadelphia, New York City, Boston and Cincinnati: As usual they gave me the most liberal promises, but in no case fulfilled their engagements. I was now driven to new measures. I found those in whom I reposed the utmost confidence, hollow hearted and treacherous. I next entered upon the plan of making a certain villain share in my wretchedness and disgrace. In this I was joined by my brother, who in perfecting the scheme, acted somewhat imprudently. I advised him to take a different course, but he listened to others, who professed to be friends to us, and were, indeed, members of the same fraternity,* but turned out the worst kind of enemies; especially those who were wealthy. The poorer members were true to a man and I am confident will remain so, and if I am spared I will make the wealth of the others dance for their vile treatment. I have a thousand men, who but wait

my call. When I say the word, tho' they are of the same brotherhood, yet having also experienced the treachery and oppression of the higher class in common with myself, they will make war upon them, whenever the signal is given."

* When he spoke of this fraternity, I then supposed he referred to some of the benevolent societies of the day.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, AUGUST 12, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

PUBLISHING OFFICE AT BAILLIE & CO'S., 104½, MAIN ST., WHERE PERSONS IN THE CITY WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE CAN LEAVE THEIR NAMES OR PROCURE SINGLE NOS. 5 CTS. EACH.

¶ We have several communications on hand which shall be attended to shortly.

"THE UNKNOWN COUNTESS."

We shall commence next week the publication of this tale, which was written by us some years since and first published in the Dollar Newspaper, Philadelphia. Lest some may accuse us of egotism, in copying our own production, we shall give our reasons thus: We have been solicited, by several of our readers and friends, to give it a place in the Casket, and as most of them have, probably, never seen the tale in question, it will answer in place of original matter which, at present, we have not time to prepare. If it is desired, by our readers, this tale will be followed by the "League of the Mimi." "We aim to please."

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

We have been favored with the third number of this interesting periodical. It is published in Cincinnati, and edited by L. A. Hine, Esq.—well known to the readers of the "Casket" by his talented and welcome contributions to its columns. Mr. Hine is universally esteemed as a ripe scholar, a sound thinker, an energetic writer and a gentleman.

The number of the Journal before us, is replete with interest and instruction from some of the most gifted and graceful pens of the West.

It opens with an editorial upon the subject of the "Colored Population," in which he boldly sets forth his views upon the subject of a negro state. To all, who may fear abolitionism, we can distinctly state, that Mr. Hine is no abolitionist, in the popular sense of that term.

The subject of Slavery, which is intimately connected, is one which is destined to agitate our nation to its very centre. The time has not yet come for a free and impartial discussion of it; but it will come. There is now existing, as asserted in the article alluded to, an "ill-natured," "unamiable" and inconsistent prejudice or antipathy between the two races, and when this feeling, in a measure, shall have been overcome, then will be the time justly and liberally, to dispose of the great question in regard to their future condition and welfare. We know that now and then one may be found, who will deny that the negro has a soul, or is an accountable being; we refer such to the following extract from Mr. Hine's article, which, though it may not convince, will afford food for reflection:—

"The negro either has a soul, or he has not. If he has, he belongs to the Great Brotherhood of Humanity, and has a right to every consideration of worth and dignity that belongs to man; if he has not, then is our faith vain, our hope delusion, and our efforts to redeem mankind, the sheerest mockery. Does he not exhibit every characteristic of man? What faculty does he not possess, what emotion feel, or what virtue manifest? Has he a soul, or has he not? If he has, we are obliged to consider him as one of the same family, having the same universal Father, and bound to the same glorious Destiny; if he has not, the confidence we repose in him is misplaced, and what few rights we allow him are but the result of an insane liberality that is degrading to our rank in the scale of being. How derogatory to our character is it to herd with beasts, adopt their manners, and hold them responsible for the exercise of intellectual faculties and moral sentiments. Has he a soul, or has he not? If he has we will not undertake to find a word capable of communicating an idea of the wrong we do in preying upon it, restraining its development, and rendering it less fit for its earthly probation and

eternal home; if he has not, then is the evidence of our senses a lie, and the operations of the mind mere freaks of disordered nature. Has he a soul, or has he not? If he has, then will he sit down with us in our Father's mansion and pity the shame that will mantle our cheeks when we behold His impartiality to the children of men; if he has not, the religious philosophy of the world is a humbug, and the reasons of our hope of immortality are unfounded. From the operations of the mind we reason, and if the negro manifests the same operations without mind, what can we depend upon."

We, do not design to extend our remarks upon the subject, but we are constrained to say the whole article from which we have made the above extract, has awakened in our own mind many interesting thoughts upon the subject, and we hope and trust that it will receive the careful perusal of all who see the Review.

Among the other articles, the poetical effusions of those accomplished writers, Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Mrs. S. H. Oliver, Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain, and Miss Alice Carey, will be read with care and admiration. In short, the more carefully we look over the pages of this work, the more cheerfully do we welcome it to a prominent place among the periodicals of the country. The Journal has now reached its third number, and we earnestly desire its prosperity. It should receive the patronage of all who have any taste for letters in this region; because, first, it is really a very valuable work; secondly, because of its cheapness,—its subscription being only one dollar per year, in advance; and thirdly, because it is a Western Literary Review. It is a false idea that all our literature must emanate from Eastern cities. We have in the West our own peculiar habits, and modes of life and expression. We have our own great gifts and wonders of nature—our vast lakes, majestic rivers, broad prairies, and tall, dark forests,—all, our boast and pride. We have our own peculiar creeds, both political and religious, and why not have our own Reviews and literary papers? What shall become of the growing talent of this vast extent, if it be not fostered and brought out, through these, its natural channels? It will, as a natural alternative seek other and more distant channels, and thus its genial and improving influence be lost upon us, in a great degree, or else it will wither and die, unseen, unheard of. Sustain our Western periodicals, then; they are cheaper, and for us, far more instructive.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—We have received No. 5, of the Pictorial History of England, published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

This work has been pronounced by some of the most prominent critics in this country, to be the best and most interesting history of Great Britain ever written. It is said to have been prepared under the supervision of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and of course must be free from all partizan prejudice or sectarian bias. It is a work which every young person, especially, should procure and carefully peruse. It is so cheap, that all may buy it, and its illustrations so apt and numerous, that one may receive double the instruction from reading it, than from reading the dusty volumes of a Hume, or a Smollet. There has been for a long time, a woful neglect of history on the part of youth and others, and a growing preference manifested for the light and frothy productions, which at best, but serve as instruments with which to kill a passing hour; but with the introduction of such a valuable history, in such an attractive style, we shall expect the dawn of a better state of things, as it regards the selection of books among our youth. We advise all to call and purchase each number, punctually, as it comes out, at BAILLIE & CO'S., No. 104½, Main st., Cincinnati: price 25 cents per No.

SINGULARLY ROMANTIC.

Many of our readers probably remember an elopement case which "came off" a few weeks since, in Philadelphia. The parties were from Kentucky. It seems that the young lady was at School in that city, when at a certain time, her affectionate and devoted Lothario met her in the street with a carriage, took her in, in spite of the decided remonstrances of her teachers, drove off, and were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, in all due form.

We now learn by the N. Y. True Sun, that their connubial felicity has received a severe shock. That paper states that a letter from Louisville, Ky., had been received, saying that the young lady's father, after consideration upon the subject, resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, forgave the wayward pair, and invited them to make his house their home. One day last week, the father and family departed to the

Springs, leaving the chivalric young husband and his lovely bride to do the honors of the house until their return. One afternoon, while enjoying a delightful TETE-A-TETE, the husband complimented his young bride upon the beauty of a straggling curl which fell gracefully over her shoulder. She informed him that she possessed charms enough to command his love without the curl, and that she would therefore clip it off. He remonstrated. She persisted. He threatened. She clipped the curl. HE THEN KNOCKED HER DOWN. She screamed for assistance, and while making her escape through the door, he made a desperate blow at her with his DIRK, which missed its aim, and entered the door with such force as to split off a large piece of wood. He then fled to his father's store, and was kicked out of doors by his elder brother. His only excuse is, that he was under the influence of WINE. Poor, unfortunate, young man—what a pity he got drunk!

TARIFF OF 1842 AND 1836 COMPARED.

A comparison of the rates of duties upon some of the articles as actually paid under the tariff of 1842, and to be levied on the same by the tariff to come into operation December 1st, 1846.

LUXURIES.	1842.	1846.
Wines—Champagne	12	30
Burgundy	9	30
Madeira	5	30
Carpets—Wilton carpets	23	30
Turkey	23	30
Glass—Polished plate, 22 by 14 inches	27	30
Gloves—Gentlemen's real kid	22	30
Ladies	21	30
Gentlemen's real French buck	13	30
Paper—Billetdoux, or fancy note,	30	30
Gilt	25	30
Pastes—Balsams, cosmetics, and perfumes	25	30
Silks—Pocket hdkfs. made from fine silk	16	25
Silk velvets	20	25
Brocade silks for dresses	14	25
Flannels—Archer's unshrinking, costing 60 cents	23	30
Silk and wool flannels, costing \$1 00 the square yard	14	30
Hair curled for mattresses	10	20
Chocolate	12	20
Sardines, and other fish prepared in oil	20	40
Furniture of cedar wood, satin wood, &c.	30	40
Gems—Pearls and precious stones when set	7	30
Imitations thereof	74	30
Cameos and imitations thereof and on mosaic	74	30
Jewelry—Composed of gold, silver, or platinum	20	30
ARTICLES OF GENERAL USE, &c.		
Wines—Sicily Madeira (low-priced)	49	30
Spices—Pimento	120	40
Ginger	53	40
Cassia	61	40
Carpeting—Treble ingrain	73	30
Ingrain	36	30
Iron—Bar or bolt iron	73	30
Nail or spike rods	99	30
Cut or wrought iron spikes	168	30
Hoop iron	116	30
Blacksmiths' hammers and sledges	52	30
Iron chains other than chain cables	101	30
Wrought for ships, locomotives, and steam engines	88	30
Smoothing-irons, hatters and tailors, pressing do	66	30
Wood screws	66	30
Coal	69	30
Glass—Plain, moulded, or pressed tumblers	137	30
Gloves—Yellow sheep, called Hoxamtan, (wagoners and reaping gloves)	90	30
Imitation buck	55	30
Womens' imitation kid	70	30
Braces—India rubber costing 5 francs, or 93 cts. the dozen	62½	30
Paper—Medium, foolscap, &c.	53	30
Sugar, commonly called brown sugar	62	30
Vinegar	52	30
Salt	76	20
Cloths of wool—Broadcloths, cassimeres coatings, and padding	40	30
Low flannels, bockins, and baizes	38	30
Silks—Calcutta and other silk pocket handkerchiefs, costing in India \$2 50 for the piece of 7, and weighing 8 ounce	50	25
Ditto, costing \$3 75, and weighing 12 ounces	50	25
Black gro de nap, or taffeta silk, for dresses, weighing 1 ounce to the yard, and costing in England or France 32 cents	47	25
Black crapes, low priced	60	25
Pins—Called pound or mixed pins	53	30
Velvets—Cotton	36	30
Shirtings—Costing 64 cents per yard	95	30
Cotton prints, or calicoes, costing 12 cents the running yard	50	25
Moussellaine de Laine—Cotton worsted, 24 inches wide, costing 12 cents	50	25
Cotton and worsted Orleans and alpaca cloth, costing 18 cents the square yard	50	25
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Linseed oil	57	20
Cables and cordage, tarred	120	25
Unmanufactured hemp	39	30
Wool, coarse, unmanufactured	5	20
Chain cables	87	30
Anchors	62	30
Anvils	45	30

Historical.

MEXICO.

We are indebted, says the Washington Union, to Dr. Wood, who has recently returned to the United States in company with Messrs. Dimond and Parrot, (consuls,) for the following sketches. Dr. W. has spent some time on the coasts of the Pacific; and travelled, on his return, from Mazatlan, on that coast, to Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico. These sketches will be found interesting, particularly at this time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNION:

Dear Sir: Although the route and mode of procedure between Mexico and Vera Cruz has been frequently described by tourists, I believe there is not so much familiarity with the road from the Pacific to the capital of the Mexican States; and it may not be uninteresting at the present moment to take a rapid glance at this long route, passing through the heart, the chief provinces, and cities of the republic. While hostilities were threatening, but before their commencement, it became necessary to hold immediate communication with the United States across the continent. The most convenient point of departure is at the town of San Blas, a little south of the mouth of the Gulf of California, and one day's ordinary sail from Mazatlan. Starting from San Blas instead of Mazatlan saves five days' laborious land travel. The village on the beach consists of a collection of thatched huts, inhabited by a sallow, unhealthy population, and particularly rich in mosquitoes and sand flies. About a mile back of the beach stands the old town of San Blas, on a rocky eminence, rising like a castle from the swampy verdant plain surrounding it; it is now but the mouldering gravestone of past prosperity. Both San Blas and Tepic, the city of which it is the port, are losing themselves in the flourishing town of Mazatlan, which has risen rapidly out of that smuggling commerce which the benighted policy of Mexico has rendered the systematic, if not the legitimate, commerce of the country. With the Spanish style of architecture, Mazatlan has the freshness, newness, and, disdaining the limitation of walls, the independent, straggling character of a new town in the United States.

At San Blas, arrangements had been made with an arriero, or muleteer, to convey us to the city of Tepic; some of our party going no farther than this place; and accordingly on the morning of May 4th, we found the requisite quantity of beasts on the beach, all caparisoned for the journey. It is next to impossible to describe the huge, confused mass of wood, leather, thongs, and straps which make up the equipment of a Mexican saddle, and appears a sufficient load for the little animal which sustains it without the addition of a rider. It is necessary that each traveller on this journey should have at least one baggage mule; for, besides his ordinary luggage, he must carry all his bedding, and, with a just discretion, a good store of provisions. Upon this occasion we had handsome and convenient brass bedsteads, stowed compactly in trunks and boxes, and at night, when they were put up, their glittering posts and canopy frames formed a strong contrast with the rude unfurnished room in which we lodged. In loading the mules two things surprise the stranger: first, the weight and bulk which the animals carry; and next, the facility with which the arrieros secure articles of every weight and size, so that the animal climbing precipitous paths, and walking narrow shelves, seems a moving mass of trunks, boxes and bales.

Our party consisted, including the muleteers, of seven persons, and ten horses and mules; each of us equipped with a formidable battery of carbines at the saddle bow, pistols around the waist, and the Mexicans wearing long rusty swords which had lost their scabbards. All this warlike equipment was, I presume, upon the principle of scarecrows in a cornfield, more than with any design of bloody conflict. All preparations being completed, at seven o'clock we took our departure from the shore of the Pacific ocean, and passed into a dense, luxuriant bottom, land thicket or jungle. This bottom is only passable in the dry season, and we noticed the elevation of the water during the wet season marked six feet high on the trees. From this bottom we ascended by a gentle rise to some good cultivable land, upon which was here and there a Mexican farm or rancho, and occasionally a new clearing, such as are seen in our west. At twelve we reached the half-way house, a plain farm-house, where we found clean and comfortable provision. Resting until half-past three, we again got under way, and now commenced the ascent of the mountains. Our way lay through a dark forest of gigantic trees, up and down precipitous declivities until, about sun down, we emerged upon a naked and desolate mountain summit, from

which, looking back over a vast region of country below us, we had our parting view of the Pacific losing itself in the distant horizon. The road now passed over hills of white and red clay, a sterile and lonely country; the moon rose upon us long before our day's journey came to its close in the city of Tepic, just as the serenitas, or watchmen, were whistling on their sharp calls the hour of ten, and giving forth their devotional cry of "Ave Marie purissima." We were received in the elegant mansion of Mr. Forbes, a Scotch gentleman, whose warm hospitality allows no stranger to pass Tepic without a home. He had been expecting us, and we found ready an ample supper; after which we were assigned chambers provided with every luxury for the most fastidious, and particularly agreeable after an unaccustomed ride of 55 miles.

Tepic is a handsome and well built city of about eight thousand inhabitants, but in a state of decay—its population having fallen off in a few years, four thousand. The only thing refreshing, prosperous and un-Mexican about it, is the cotton factory of the Messrs. Forbes. The situation is pretty and picturesque, where they have the water-power of a mountain stream, and the buildings, both of the factory and residences of persons connected with it, are in a showy and appropriate architectural taste. The superintendent, as well as all the leading workmen, are from the United States; and in the number of years in which they have been employed, Mr. Forbes assured me he never had had the least difficulty or cause of dissatisfaction with any of them. This factory makes eighty pieces a day, and it sells at twenty-five cents the yard—something less than a yard. Most of the raw material is brought from New Orleans, although a little is grown in the country. In the neighborhood of Tepic are some fine sugar estates, where refined sugar is made at a cost of three or four cents, and sells at ten cents a pound, though nothing like a supply for the country is produced, as I have known, in the neighborhood of Tepic, this sugar to retail at fifty cents a pound.

At Tepic we first met the hostile proclamation of Paredes, directing an advance upon General Taylor. This gave us some uneasiness, although it was the general impression that this proclamation had some other design in its threats than the purpose of executing them.

At Tepic we made a new contract with an arriero for himself, his mules, or boys, horses, mules, carbines and swords, to carry us to Guadalajara, a five-day journey. The annual fair of Tepic was in progress as we passed through. It is nothing more than a scene of low dissipation; the public square, or plaza, which is common to every Mexican town, being filled with every possible contrivance—wheels, cards, dice, colored cloths, &c.—for gambling and the tables ranging in wealth from a small capital of copper coin, where children and beggars tried their fortunes, to those who were their elders and betters might stake gold.

The necessary arrangements being completed on the afternoon of May 6th, our cavalcade was on its way to Guadalajara, reaching that night the village of San Leonel. Don Ramon, our chief arriero, instead of taking us to the fonda, lodged us in the farm-house of a friend of his. The lady of the establishment was particularly cautious in locking the doors and securing the windows before retiring; and a reason for her care, she showed an enormous scar extending the whole length of her arm, which had been inflicted by the knife of a robber, some two years before, who at the same time laid two others of her household wounded on the floor.

The usual mode of travelling is to start at three or four o'clock in the morning, having first taken the desayuno, a cup of tea, coffee, or chocolate, with a small cake or rusk; then travelling until eleven or twelve o'clock, when breakfast, in our sense of the word, is taken, and a rest of three or four hours enjoyed, the day's journey being completed in the cool of the evening, at which time the traveller dines. This order and period of meals is that common to all Mexico.

The first part of our journey from Tepic was among a succession of smooth, rounded hills, rising from the surrounding, dry, barren plains, like Indian mounds, the plains themselves intersected by long stone fences, but entirely destitute of cultivation. Soon after leaving San Leonel on the morning of the seventh, the country assumed a rather more cheering appearance. A few thinly-scattered pine trees covered the hills, and an occasional small stream of water ran at their base. In the valleys were fields of barley; here and there we passed an Indian village of thatched huts and mules treading out barley on a ground threshing floor. Our halt for the day was at the village of Santa Isabel. Leaving this place, our road conducted us, during the afternoon, over a singular volcanic formation. As we approached this region, there appeared to be a lofty dark wall extending across the country from the

base of a mountain on the left. This wall formed the boundary or outer edge of a widely-extended mass of craggy rocks rising some twenty feet above the country over which they were spread. They lay, far as the eye could see, tossed into all manner of confused shapes, like rocky waves with ragged summits, grown black with age, and had the appearance of a tempest-tossed sea of molten iron, suddenly congealed in all its wild confusion. In contemplating the probable force producing the phenomenon, it presents the idea of the explosion of a mountain and the masses tumbling into their present disorder. By night we arrived at the pretty town of Aguacatlan, of some five thousand inhabitants, having a fine plaza surrounded by shade trees, and a conspicuous church and convent. The porada of Aguacatlan is one of more pretension than any on the route, having a large corridor in front, over which is announced in large letters, "here may be found every convenience for persons of good taste." The offices surrounding the court yard were each labelled, and it was very gratifying to notice over one, "Here the bread is made with the greatest cleanliness." Generally the arrangement of all these porados is the same. The traveller is shown into a room containing a heavy table, a bench with a high back, and some boards in a corner, upon which to place his bedding; but in addition to this at Aguacatlan, we had a lay sala or drawing-room, furnished with mahogany chairs. The proprietor is undoubtedly one of those spirits in advance of his age and country.

On the following morning our route from Aguacatlan to Istan lay for ten or twelve miles through the most fertile and best cultivated valley we had yet seen, and better covered with farm houses and villages; still the cultivation is careless, antique, and barbarous, the plough in use being no more than a sharpened log of wood. The afternoon of this day brought us to the Barrancas, the wildest and most picturesque scene, on the whole route from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The barranca is a gorge several thousand feet deep, separating two ranges of mountains, and the descent is by a zig-zag road along the face of the left hand range, with this tremendous gulf on the right; the bottom of this gorge being reached, a little advance shows that we are still on the summit of a mountain, for another opening of still greater depth appears on the left hand, the bottom of which has also to be reached; the road there continues in this deep and shady valley, along the banks of a rocky stream, and beneath overhanging precipices for some miles. In this wild and difficult pass, by some capricious impulse is seen the only evidence of national energy, or internal improvement which came under my notice. A broad, handsome, well-made, paved carriage road is being cut from the face of the mountain, descending it in a succession of inclined planes, turning one upon another, and much of the road is already completed. Ascending from these shady depths by a precipitous road we reached a little after night the miserable village, but good porada of Mochotili. Leaving this village early in the morning, we entered upon the lonely, desolate table lands of Mexico; but although uncheered by shrubbery, or cultivation we had the advantage of a good level road, which towards evening brought us rather suddenly upon a different scene. From the brow of the elevated plain upon which we had been travelling, we looked down upon an extensive green valley, spread over with fields of the maguery plant, from which the brandy of the country is distilled. Immediately beneath us was the town of Tequila, with its houses and church domes, shooting from amid groves of trees. Tequila, although constructed with handsome houses and regular streets, owed much of its effect to distance; for, in passing through it, the appearance of the whole place was one of poverty, dilapidation, and decay. Sleeping that night at the village of Amelatan, on the following morning, (Sunday,) May 10th, under a broiling sun, in clouds of dust, and amid troops of mules, at 11 o'clock we entered the truly beautiful city of Guadalajara, but not without seeing something of the benighted policy, constructed to facilitate robbery, and sustain a rapacious soldiery, the system which scarce permits an article to move from one part of the country to another, without taxation. Although we had now advanced so far in the interior, at the garita, or interior custom-house, one of our mules was selected to be unloaded, while a slovenly epauletted fellow—some Mexican general or colonel, undoubtedly,—overhauled the baggage to see that we were not smuggling. Had we really been loaded with contraband articles, it would have given us no annoyance, as he was only stationed there to make his living by taking bribes. However we had no favors to ask, and did not choose to pay him to release us from the detention.

Guadalajara is a very showy city, of palace-like houses,

and enormous churches and convents, covering many squares of the city; concealing in their recesses a vast population lost to life and usefulness. Flowers and gardens seemed to be a prevalent taste, and the verandahs or iron balconies projecting from the second stories were so filled with vases of flowers as to give along the length of elegant streets the appearance of hanging flower gardens. A broad and shaded paseo extends for a mile and a half along one side of the city, and terminates in a handsome rose-hedged park and garden. Fountains of stone and bronze, bubbling forth clear cold water, are seen in every direction. But these are all remnants and splendors of the past—the present is in strong contrast. Poverty, vice and wretchedness are its characteristics; beggars forming the great population of the streets, and the prisons thronged with criminals of the vilest character, and existing in the most disgusting filth. The prison of Guadalajara is one of the most fertile recruiting stations of the army. The California garrison was always formed from these assassins; or rather they were sent there to depredate with impunity upon the unoffending inhabitants, until, patience being exhausted, all Mexican rule was expelled. Their offences and their expulsion came under my own observation; and but recently a garrison of these criminals was sent to Mazatlan, and it had scarcely reached there before it threatened a sack of the town. Seven assassinations occurred in one Mexican town during my short residence in it, and I never heard of anything worse happening to the criminals than being made soldiers of, although one of them had despatched his third victim. At Guadalajara, we were startled by receiving the Mexican account, in triumphant and boastful language, of the capture of Capt. Thornton's dragoons. This intelligence placed us in a very precarious situation. All the representations we received being through the Mexican press, gave us great uneasiness as to the result of our interests on the frontier, notwithstanding the large allowance we made for Mexican braggadocio. Soon after the arrival of the intelligence, boys were crying extras about the streets, crying out "Triumph over the North Americans." We determined to hurry on our way, though it was in anxiety and gloom that we did so.

From Guadalajara a line of diligences runs to Vera Cruz, and this line is worthy of all commendation. The conveyances are good Troy built coaches; the horses and mules are in fine order, and the coachmen possess great skill and dexterity. Originally, the coachmen were all Yankees; but now they are Mexicans who have grown up on the road, and among the coaches and horses. It is somewhat amusing to notice the amalgamation they have made of the Mexican costume with that of our coachmen or drivers. The universal Mexican serape has given way to the box coat; but the split-leg pantaloons hold their own, and a brightly colored handkerchief tied over the throat and chin, seems a type of the woollen cravat so generally worn by our drivers in cold weather. The fondas (hotels) are regulated by a system extending along the whole route, prescribing what shall be given, and the hours of meals, and also regulating the charges. These rules also direct that every passenger shall be furnished with clean sheets and pillow case, which no one had used, at every lodging place on the route. The hours of travel are from three to four in the morning to the same hour in the afternoon.

Leaving Guadalajara at half past three in the morning, our first day's journey was over a desolate looking rolling tableland, in many places rocky; the soil was a stiff blue clay, here and there broken by the plough and ready for corn, but the general surface of the country was covered by a short, yellow dried grass. The road, (thanks to Nature!) was generally good; but where she had left any impediments, art had disdained to remove them; and in some places, for short distances, our strongly built coaches had terrible encounters. Over thirty leagues of such a country, by four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the wretched little hamlet of San Jose, and the diligence coming in the opposite direction not having arrived, we were compelled to await its arrival for dinner. The delay became unusual, and the sun was going down, leaving San Jose and the desolate country about it to the additional gloom of night, when the expected stage rattled into the court-yard; one solitary passenger leaped from it, with his dress all loose and disordered; his trunk being taken from the boot, he gave it a kick of ineffable disgust, and which betrayed its lightness and emptiness. While we had been awaiting his arrival to dinner, he had been lying under the coach with his mouth to the ground, and a carbine at his head, and a band of robbers had been appropriating his property; they stripped him even to his suspender buckles, and asked what he was, where he was from, &c., concluding by beating him

with their swords. The robbers, three in number, were masked. The minuteness of their inquiries caused us to feel somewhat apprehensive, as in case of their ascertaining our nationality, they might think they rendered the state some service by taking our lives; and consequently no choice was left us but to fight in case of an attack. The Mexican servant accompanying us, being called into the council, expressed his willingness and ability to handle a gun. In addition to the arms in our possession, two fowling pieces were obtained from the manager of the fonda, and as it was more than probable the robbers were from the village itself, and had their agents about us at this time, we gave some little publicity to our preparations. I discharged a Colt's pistol, and re-loaded it, in presence of this respectable public.

Having made these preparations, and arranged our plan of defence, we started at four in the morning, and were upon the look out, finger on trigger, for two or three hours; after this our uneasiness somewhat subsided, and we made the day's journey safely, and to our own satisfaction, if not to that of the robbers. Through most of this day the country was very much the same as that of yesterday; destitute of population, water, or any growth but the nopal, or prickly pear, and a few scattering acacias. Late in the afternoon it was quite refreshing to come upon a fine valley prairie, watered by a small stream, and covered with wheat fields ready for harvest. Our stopping place for the night was a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, called Lagos; rather a neat place, with the usual share of enormous churches. From Lagos our road on the following morning, continued through the same beautiful prairie and waving wheat fields upon which we had entered the preceding evening, and this was the character of the country until our arrival, in the afternoon, at the mining town of Guanajuato. This city has a very picturesque situation, climbing up the side and over the summits of a range of hills; the streets are exceedingly intricate and precipitous. For miles before reaching the city, there are a succession of immense establishments for reducing the metals from the ore. Viewed from one of the surrounding elevations, it appears as though there was a separate town on each hill, as far as the eye can see, the church crowning each summit. Here we sat down to the table with some more unfortunate fellows, who had been robbed the preceding evening in the stage approaching us. In this case there were eight robbers; and not feeling it to be necessary to go far, or take much trouble in the matter, they robbed this stage in sight of the gates of the city of Queretaro—a city of 20,000 inhabitants; not even taking the precaution to mask themselves; and one of the robbers, on the following day, near the door of the hotel, asked a gentleman whom he had relieved of his purse and watch for the light of his cigar! No one acquainted with the country would take the responsibility of denouncing a robber; to do so would take nothing from his impunity, and would insure the assassination of the informer. Soon after leaving Guanajuato, we passed from the rugged mountain region in which it is situated to a continuation of the fertile valley upon which we had been the preceding day, and continued along this our whole day's journey of forty leagues, to the handsome city of Queretaro, passing on the way several pretty towns of five or six thousand inhabitants each.

Just before reaching the town of Celayo, we fell in with a group of half naked peasants, some on foot, and some on donkeys, being driven in by a few Mexican soldiers to form part of the army destined for Matamoros. The stage stopped one day, being Sunday, in Queretaro, and on the first night of our arrival, the house of a curate nearly opposite to us was entered by a band of robbers and stripped of all its portable valuables, with five thousand dollars in specie. Here we, for the first time, learned through a Mexican paper the name of our unfortunate dragoons, and the unhappy fate of Col. Cross.

As an evidence of the facilities of Mexican civilization in this handsome and populous city of Queretaro, having occasion to receive six cents in change, I was compelled to take it in four cakes of white soap, the common currency of the country. Before leaving this city on Monday morning, we called council of war to determine whether we should defend ourselves or yield, in case of an attack. There were eight of us, but one was a priest, the other an old man of seventy, two were invalids, and none would entertain for a moment the question of war. They had no arms; we therefore laid ours aside, and determined quietly to submit to any fate. We fortunately entered Mexico on the evening of the second day after our leaving Queretaro, without any interruption. On the night before our arrival in the city, we put up at an antiquated, prison-like fonda, the court-yard of which was occupied by a part of a company of soldiers, and a machine on

wheels, which greatly excited the curiosity and attention of our companions. A glance at it was only necessary to discover that it was a camp forge; for there were the bellows and the anvil. But a particularly luminous Mexican explained to the whole party that it was a "bonbina"—a bomb carriage for the destruction of us North Americans.

I shall not, in a flying tour of this kind, undertake a description of the oft-described city of Mexico, or the emotions with which a stranger enters a place which has been alternately the capital of the Montezumas, the capital of Cortez, and the theatre where one military chief has contended with another, not for the honor of his country, but for the possession of the returns of the custom house.

Mexico is indisputably a magnificent city; but as Madame Galderson justly remarks, its elegant houses without having the dignity of ruins, induce the impression of fine buildings in a state of neglect. One accustomed to a different state of things, walks the elegant streets of Mexico with feelings of melancholy and disgust, at finding himself amidst throngs of epauletted and laced soldiers, in a mingled attire of decoration and dirt; and crowds of the most revolting beggars of every age, from infancy to decrepitude. This disgusting spectacle accompanies the traveller across the whole stage route of Mexico. The coach cannot stop for a moment without being surrounded by these wretched objects, displaying their disgusting infirmities and uttering piteous moans. At one point they start off with the stage; children, young girls, and men, old women with infants on their backs, and with their hands pressed together uttering a continued moan.—With marvellous speed they keep up with the coach for near a mile. Sensibility becomes blunted by the continued contemplation of disease and wretchedness, while charity is paralyzed by the consciousness of inability to relieve the mass. The comfort of the stranger is by no means increased by the conviction that all his vigilance will not prevent his pocket being picked in the most public places, an event which happened to my companion twice in one day, and twice I detected the depredator's hand in my pocket; the third time he was more successful. Soldiers seem an essential part of every institution in the country. If the host passes the streets and brings the whole population to its knees, it is accompanied by soldiers; if you visit a peaceful scientific institution, a filthy soldier examines your right to admission. He is, however, an appropriate sentinel; for scientific institutions with high-sounding names being entered, display nothing but disorder, neglect, and filth; they indicate a people degenerating into the darkness, without the energy of barbarism. The state of general ignorance may be imagined when those who ought to be the receptacles of knowledge are among the most ignorant. Standing near a Franciscan friar, in the museum, examining a model representing a section of the mines, the good father contemplated it with great earnestness, and graciously informed me that it was a kind of a representation of the birth of our Savior!

Upon our arrival in the city we were naturally anxious to learn something of the state of affairs on the frontier; but at first could learn nothing but the probability that an action had taken place; then that it had been fatal to us; finally the truth began to leak out, and we learned that the Mexican arms had sustained a defeat. No public promulgation was made of this state of affairs, and long after the government was apprised of the truth, the newsboys were crying among the deluded people the triumph of the Mexican arms. The press, of course, dared publish nothing that Paredes did not approve.

On the day of my departure from Mexico, (May 27,) the Mexican Congress was about to meet. It is, however, a burlesque to call it a Congress of the nation, being a body selected from the clergy and military chiefly, originally convened for the purpose of confirming the usurpation of Paredes.—Some of the departments could not be coerced into sending deputies, and several of the deputies sent made strenuous efforts to avoid the responsibilities of their position, knowing that at this time they could not much longer bolster up Paredes.

It is difficult to conceive what is the proper remedy for the present disorders of Mexico. With a population of eight millions, seven are of the poor, oppressed, humble, and submissive Indian race, the victims of all changes; and the feeling of despair, and melancholy has impressed itself upon the countenances of even the children. The other million is the Mexico-Spanish blood, from which are taken the clergy, the twenty thousand soldiers, and twenty thousand officers, most of whom are left to pay themselves in any way they can. It is evident that this population wants the intellectual and moral basis upon which to form a government.

Sympathy with Mexico, in relation to her conquest, is a sympathy undenied by Mexicans whose interests are those of peace and order; indeed, to desire the introduction of any influence opposed to principles of rapine and revolution, becomes the part of patriotism; for Mexico is now the subject of other powers by principles as strong as those of arms. All her resources are in the hands of foreigners—her mines, manufactures, and commerce; because, among other reasons, the reputable and enterprising Mexican cannot protect himself against the exactions of his own government. The system of bribery by which the revenue is collected is known to the whole world; and another evidence of narrow policy is seen in the fact that, although Mexico can grow tobacco equal to that of Cuba, bands of armed men are sent annually to destroy the green tobacco crop, except in those two provinces where the government monopolizes the growth of an inferior article.

The greatest curse of the country is found in its military establishment, and a view of the evils of this almost causes one to regard the glitter of an uniform as a crime against civilization.

Yours, truly
WM. MAXWELL WOOD.

News Items.

From the New York Sun, extra, of August 3.

LATER NEWS FROM EUROPE.

The Hibernia was telegraphed at an early hour this morning of which we advised you immediately by **ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH**. We now have the pleasure of forwarding you by **LIGHTNING EXPRESS**, the following summary of the important news brought by this favorite steamer.

She brings to the United States the Oregon treaty ratified by the British Government, under the seal of the new foreign minister, Lord Palmerston.

This important document was signed by his Lordship, and Mr. McLane on the 17th, at the Foreign office, and afterwards conveyed for despatch by the Hibernia by his Excellency Mr. McLean, the American minister to Great Britain.

In the house of Lords, on the 17th of July, the Marquis of Lansdowne rose and said that it was his duty to lay before their Lordships and that house, the Treaty which had just been concluded between her Majesty and the Government of the United States, in reference to the Oregon Territory. He had the satisfaction of informing their Lordships that ratifications had that day been exchanged.

A similar motion was made in the House of Commons by Lord Palmerston, who appeared at the bar and stated that he had a paper to present by command of Her Majesty.

The new ministry has got fairly to work and the business of the country is again in a state of progression.

All the members have been returned without opposition, except Mr. McAulay and Lord Debrington.

In every quarter a disposition exists to give the new appointments a fair trial; in consequence of the excitement now passed the country needs repose, and with the exception of the Sugar duties there is no prominent question likely to embarrass the ministry or test their capability.

The affairs of this session of Parliament will be wound up probably by the middle of August.

The great movement to reimburse Mr. Cobden for the loss of health and money is progressing apace. There seems every chance that the hundred thousand pounds fixed upon as the maximum of the amount to be given to him, will be raised.

Efforts will be made to raise a splendid monument to Sir Robert Peel, by means of Penny subscriptions throughout the British Empire, as an expression of the nation's gratitude.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings in the House of Parliament, possess considerable interest.

Lord Brougham led the assault in the matter of the Judges' salaries, Earl Grey showed that if blame attached to any it was to the noble Lord himself.

Mr. Duncombe wished to hear from the noble Lord himself a distinct avowal of his views on the leading topics of the day.

Lord John Russell declined this categorical analysis, but while doing so, said sufficient to point the moral of his future career as minister, to the principles of **FREE TRADE**, to which he avowed his unswerving attachment.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND, he would literally carry out, but with respect to the **ESTABLISHED CHURCH** of that country, the Premier thought it imprudent to meddle in this early stage of the business.

The same evening Lord John Russell declared that he would make his views respecting the sugar duties, known on Monday.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

IMPORTANT AND INTERESTING.—By way of Mobile and Baltimore we have two days later news from Vera Cruz by the Raritan, than came by the Princeton, viz: to the 17th ult.

The Vera Cruz papers of the 15th and 16th publish the news of the Oregon Treaty under the head of "Very Important News." The papers state that in consequence of the treaty, the Mexican people are called on to make increased efforts to save their country from the rapacity of the robbers of the "del Norte." They remind the Mexicans of the manner in which the French were driven out of Spain after Madrid and the cities of the country were in possession of the enemy. This was done by a guerilla warfare, in which small parties of the enemy were murdered wherever they were found.

Paredes had not left the city of Mexico. It was found impossible to raise a body of 5000 to follow him.

It is the opinion of all well informed persons that there is nothing to prevent Gen. Taylor's marching directly to the city of Mexico. There are no troops to oppose him. Gen. Scott's ideas of the rainy season have caused much mirth among those residing in the neighborhood of the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz. There is no finer climate in the world than that of the highlands of Mexico.

General Moro, the new commandant of the castle and city of Vera Cruz, who succeeded the Vice President Bravo, has entered upon his duties. He has a body of several hundred men at work every morning on the low sand beach adjoining the castle, where he is throwing up additional breastworks. About sunset the soldiers are exercised at target firing. The guns are mostly of large calibre and throw shot to a great distance.

The American squadron is anchored under Green Islands. The opinion daily gains ground that the castle can only be taken by 'escalade,' or boarding, as Jack calls it. This, the sailors of the squadron are eager to undertake.

The British steamer arrived at Vera Cruz on the 14th without Santa Anna, and the best informed now say there is no probability of his coming there at all.

The yellow fever is making great havoc among the troops both in the castle and in the city. The soldiers being mostly from the interior are not accustomed to the climate of the sea coast, and therefore suffer in health severely. Vera Cruz could easily be taken with two or three thousand men who could land either north or south of it. At present the city is nearly deserted.

Excellent health prevails throughout the squadron, the frigate Raritan alone excepted, on board which vessel the scurvy prevails to a great extent.

There is much complaint of the want of medical officers on board our ships.—[Cin. Com.]

PROPOSITIONS FOR PEACE WITH MEXICO.

It will be seen by the Congressional proceedings, that there is reason to believe that Mexico has sued for peace. This rumor is founded on the report sent to the Baltimore Sun by its agent in Washington. It was asserted in the streets of Washington on the 2th inst., that the Senate was engaged in executive session, on a message from the President containing a proposition for the settlement of our difficulties with Mexico, and for the purchase of the Californias. It may not be true, but we are inclined to think there is something of the kind going on.—[Cin. Com.]

BOGUS PRESS CAPTURED.

We learn that a Bogus Press has been captured in this city. It was on its way to some "lone spot" to be worked in silence. It would seem that the West is full of rascals. Our police officers are WIDE AWAKE. If other cities would do their work as well, more of the thieving, bogus-making, robbing, pickpocket gentry would be nabbed. A general vigilance should be commenced in the West, and all possible tact and skill used to catch the travelling "gentry" who come from the South and East and annually make tours through the West to plunder.—[Cin. Com.]

CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION.—Col. Stevenson's Regiment is expected to embark about the 20th inst., in three transports, under convoy of the sloop of war Treble. In the course of their voyage to California they will visit the principal South American ports on both oceans. The government has authorized the enlistment at New York of a company of mounted men for the same service.—[Cin. Com.]

Spicings.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy once actually took place at an eastern Post Office.

I say Mither Post Master, is ther a litter for me?

Who are you, my good sir?

I'm myself that's who I am.

Well, but what is your name, sir?

O niver mind the name.

I must have your name sir.

An' what do you want with me name?

So that I can find your letter if there is one.

Well, Mary Buras thin, if you must hav it.

No sir, there is none for Mary Burns.

Is there no other way to git in there excipt through this pane of glass?

No sir.

Well for you there is'nt. I'd tache ye better manners than to insist upon a gintleman's name, but you didn't git it after all, so I'm aven with ye.

Our friend Fred. says "a turkey is a most inconvenient bird; too much for one and is'nt enough for two."

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined. On being asked the reason—"Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

A southern editor declares upon his honor, that he recently saw a loafer fall over the shadow of a lamp post in trying to catch a lightning bug to light his cigar with.

"I don't mean to make no insinuation," said a hungry looking loafer to a vender of sausages, "but I DO say, that wherever you see them kind o' sassengers, you don't see no dogs about."

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